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An Epic

By a Farmer



Price, 10 Cents.

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"H. G."

AT

CHAPPAQUA.

AN EPIC,

By a Farmer Poet.

NEW YORK:

JOHN P. JEWETT,

Publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Lamplighter," &c.

1872.

E. S. DODGE & Co., Printers, 84 John St., N. Y.

THE PRESIDENTIAL VOTE, FROM 1848 TO 1868.

	CANDIDATE.	PARTY.	POPULAR VOTE.	ELECT' VOTE.
1848	Zachary Taylor.....	Whig... ..	1,362,242	163
"	Lewis Cass.....	Democrat ...	1,223,795	107
"	Martin Van Buren ...	Free Soil....	221,378	...
1852	Franklin Pierce.....	Democrat ...	1,585,545	254
"	Winfield Scott.....	Whig.....	1,383,537	42
"	John P. Hale.....	Free Soil....	157,296	...
1856	James Buchanan... ..	Democrat ...	1,834,337	174
"	John C. Fremont... ..	Republican..	1,341,812	114
"	Millard Fillmore.....	American....	873,055	8
1860	Abraham Lincoln.....	Republican..	1,857,610	180
"	S. A. Douglas.....	Democrat . .	1,365,976	12
"	J. C. Breckenridge....	Democrat ...	847,953	72
"	John Bell.....	Union.....	590,631	39
1864	Abraham Lincoln.....	Republican..	2,223,035	216
"	Geo. B. McClellan. ...	Democrat ...	1,811,754	21
1868	U. S. Grant.....	Republican..	3,013,188	214
"	Horatio Seymour.....	Democrat . .	2,703,600	80

THE GREAT BOOK OF OUR TIME.

MONEY,

AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By H. L. READE.

Price, \$3.50. Agents Wanted.

JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher,

No. 5 Dey Street, New York.

Preface.

I.

KIND reader ! here's a useful book,
Wherein, if carefully you look,
You'll find a statement, truly charming,
About the queerest kind of farming,
That ever yet, on this round earth,
Has caused such roarious peals of mirth.

II.

But don't, I beg you, treat with fun,
The plan on which this farming's done—
For I can prove, beyond a doubt,
That Horace knows what he's about,
In putting Nature at defiance,
And throttling vegetative science.

III.

This famous Sage at Chappaqua,
Has gotten up a brand, new law,
Whereby he can, as I will show,
Make luscious figs on thistles grow,
And sweeter grapes upon the thorn,
Than you e'er saw since you were born.
But read along, and get instruction,
About this *very green* production.

The Farm.

I.

THE farm at Chappaqua is lovely,
Its cultivation is most doveily.
Good Horace takes a lot of chaff,
And Democratic truth, (don't laugh!)
Adding some seeds and roots of slavery,
And germs of that infernal knavery,

II.

Whence sprang rebellion, war and woe,
And says that he's prepared to show,
If we'll but plant these same seeds over,
We're sure to reap a crop of clover.
And, mixing up a mess of sand,
Found in abundance on his land,

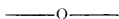
III.

Ropes can be made, and called real leather,
To hold the North and South together.
Besides, a spring of blarney oil,
Bubbles spontaneous from his soil,
By which to grease the wheels of State,
And stop all future squeak and grate.

The Farm.

IV.

He also, with his green cheese press,
Can heal "the late unpleasantness"
With our dear brethren of the South,
By cramming down the Northern mouth
A lot of sodder—soft and mealy,
Named from himself—"A pill of Greeley."



Extract from Mr. Greeley's Speech at Corry, Penn., Sept. 23.

"I think it is time for the Northern people to say to their countrymen at the South: 'We have insisted that all the blacks shall be enfranchised, and they have been enfranchised; now, then, we insist that you shall be enfranchised also.' * *
I think the people ought to say in this election, and make the Southern people feel that though they had been very wrong, we have forgotten that wrong, and are now prepared to take hold with them and carry forward the destinies, to promote and advance the greatness and glory of this country as one united fraternal people."

The Fruit.

I.

THE fruit of Chappaqua is good,
Pleasant to see, and useful food.
The grape and plum, and peach and pear,
Flourish and grow abundant there.
But Satan got at Greeley's ear,
Sometime within the present year,

II.

And made his simple soul believe,
As once he did our mother Eve,
That certain bubbles, filled with air,
Are genuine apples, ripe and fair,
The Presidential species, bright
As butterflies, entranced his sight.

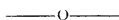
III.

And now, he's night and day agog,
Fumbling about in mist and fog,
Intent on clutching at the prize,
Which flits before his longing eyes.
Alas! this phantom in the air,
Is like a thorny, prickly pear,

The Fruit.

IV.

Or Sodom's apples, gold without,
But filled with bitterness and drought.
Yet should I raise a friendly voice,
And warn him of his foolish choice,
"I think, sir, this must be a briar,"
He'd sharply answer, "You're a liar."



Extract

*from a private letter, written at Paris
a few weeks ago, to a gentleman
in New York.*

"One of the most remarkable facts which I hear from America is, that our old friend and admired editor, Horace Greeley, has actually been nominated as a candidate for the presidency, and seems as pleased as a child who reaches out its hands for a gaudy trinket. I cannot doubt Mr. Greeley's patriotic motives, but it does seem strange to me that he *can* aspire to a position which he knows to be so full of difficulty, and one which he is ill-fitted to sustain, in case he shall be elected."

The Stables.

I.

OF horses he has various breeds,
Donkeys and mules and two faced steeds.
I know of some he used to ride
Till the poor creatures fairly died ;
Yet he declared they were not dead,
And still, on bran and saw dust, fed.

II.

A frisky team of wind in bags,
Are now his favorite hobby nags.
Their names, " Reform and Amnesty,"
Denote their splendid destiny,
Which is to run off General Grant,
(Although this kind of jackass can't.)

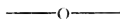
III.

Getting astride of both one day,
He met a darkey on the way,
And kindly offered him a ride ;
Whereat old Sambo quick replied :
" No, sah ! dis chile by instinc knows
Dat drefful beast from ears to toes !

The Stables.

IV.

“When once he felt de Northern lash,
He kicked old Slavery all to smash,
And now, a-draggin on de pieces,
He look ‘quite smart’ at woolley fleeces.
Gist ride along on your old Dragon,
Cuffee will stick to freedom’s wagon!”



*Speaker James G. Blaine to Mr. Charles
Sumner, July 31, 1872.*

“The colored men of this country are not, as a class, enlightened, but they have wonderful instincts, and when they read your letter they will know that at a great crisis in their fate you deserted them. Charles Sumner, co-operating with Jefferson Davis, is not the same Charles Sumner they have hitherto idolized — any more than Horace Greeley, cheered to the echo in Tammany Hall, is the same Horace Greeley whom the Republicans have hitherto trusted.”

The Poultry.

I.

THE geese are lean at Chappaqua,
And deader ducks you never saw.
Poor Horace, in his poultry culture,
Has long been plagued with that great vul-
The hungry Democratic party, [ture,
Which he has often cursed most hearty,

II.

For skulking round his coops and pens,
And carrying off his ducks and hens.
But now, he moans, with grief and tears,
For having, through so many years,
Misunderstood its worth and beauty,
And says, it's now his bounden duty,

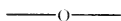
III.

To let it swallow him alive—
“In fact—adown its throat he'll dive!”
The keepers of The Vulture wink,
And nudge each other with a blink;
And scarcely able to refrain
From peals of laughter, or restrain

The Poultry.

IV.

Their bird from tearing out his eyes.
Tell him with smiles (I don't say lies,)
"Our Vulture shall, this blessed fall,
Gobble you down, white hat and all!"
(But when the creature comes to choke,
How mad he'll be to see the joke!)



*A few months ago Mr. Greeley wrote
as follows:*

"I saw the other day a suggestion that I would probably be the best Democratic candidate to run against General Grant for president. I thought that about the most absurd thing I ever heard or read. If the Democratic party were called upon to decide between Grant and myself, I know that their regard for what they must call principle would induce nine-tenths of them to vote against me. Why? I am a decided enemy of that party, even in its most respectable aspects."

The Frog Pond.

I.

THE frog pond up at Chappaqua
Beats every thing I ever saw.
I noticed as I passed along,
Skulking around, a slimy throng
Of reptiles, toads and copperheads,
Reposing in their holes and beds.

II.

Being afraid—half scared to death—
I ran till I was out of breath,
When Horace called me, with a shout,
“Their teeth and fangs are all pulled out.
I did it with a ‘liberal’ hook,
Bent to a democratic crook,

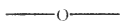
III.

“And covered with my sodder bait
Composed of—‘no more wicked hate
To treachery, ku klux and disunion—
Let ‘Truth with Error have communion.’”
These varmints come and smell and dribble,
Then swim away, return and nibble ;

The Frog Pond.

IV.

Doubting to bite, or not to bite
The old hard crab they used to fight.
Perhaps a dozen have been caught,
(Good Greeley's votes are never bought,)
And adding what he'll catch this fall,
A quart tin pail should hold them all.



Mr. Garrison to Mr. Sumner, Aug. 2, '72

“It is exultingly announced by his organ, *The Tribune*, that ‘a few years ago, if Horace Greeley had ventured into Georgia or South Carolina, he would have been hanged on the nearest lamp-post; now his name is cheered to the echo in every Southern city, and the ex-slaveholders and soldiers of the rebellion, the men who always made Southern opinion, are unanimously in favor of electing him President.’ A boast like this should be equivalent to tying a mill-stone around his neck to drown him in the depth of the patriotic sentiment of the country. It is rebel cunning and duplicity of the broadest scale.”

The Bridges.

I.

As farmers often build a bridge
Over a stream, from ridge to ridge,
So Horace has a constant spasm,
To arch and span "the bloody chasm."
Weeping and sad, he takes his stand,
And stretches out his friendly hand,

II.

Longing to squeeze, in claspng grab,
The very first rebel he can nab.
He's very loving to these fellows,
And says, he'll gladly blow the bellows,
If they will furnish coal and ore,
Of which their drills were made before,

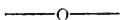
III.

To perforate and blast the rock
Of the old Union—whence the shock
Of war, secession, fire and flood,
Which cleft and filled this gulf with blood.
He also, offers to donate
And build a bridge elaborate.

The Bridges.

IV.

Of cotton, decked with olive leaves,
Being much softer, he believes,
For tread of Southern demi-gods,
Than the hard blocks and chains and rods
Of Plymouth Rock and yankee knowledge,
The Bible, spelling-book and college.



*Vice-President Colfax, at South Bend,
Indiana, August 3, 1872.*

“The staple argument of our friends on the other side is conciliation, shaking hands, &c. Now, my own motto is conciliation politically, and reconciliation nationally. We have built up our steadily-increasing majority in this county by unity and harmony, never reading any one out of the party unless he read himself, and this is a political necessity for parties in a county, state or nation, and the sure pathway to victory; and I am for reconciliation, nationally, on the only safe basis of *obedience to the Constitution, the laws and the guaranty of liberty to all, justice to all, and protection to all.*”

The Grindstone.

I.

LET every man who has an axe,
Bear in his mind the following facts
Respecting Greeley's grindstone. Reid,
Who turns it, is a friend indeed;
For any enterprising fool
Who has the dullest kind of tool,

II.

Need only lay it on that stone,—
A turn or two—the sharpening's done.
Finding his wits as bright as steel,
He nimbly turns upon his heel,
And sallies out with lightning flash,
To stab the truth, and cut and slash

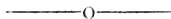
III.

At good men's purpose, deed and fame,
Putting the Devil himself to shame.
This grindstone has a power of grit,
But I'm afraid it has a split,
Or something in the crank is wrong,
Because *The Tribune* all along

The Grindstone.

IV.

My youth and riper years, was found,
On most great subjects true and sound.
But now, abuse and "lies" it blends,
Much to the grief of former friends,
Descending, from its high estate,
To deal in vengeful spite and hate.



Thousands of the readers of *The Tribune*, who for many years have esteemed it as the best of all newspapers, have ceased to read it within a few weeks past. A President of a New England college once said to the writer of these lines: "I owe more to the columns of *The Tribune* than to all my other reading, for having trained my thoughts and sentiments in the right direction." He now deplores the tone and spirit of the paper.

The Cider Mill.

I.

THE cider mill, on Greeley's farm,
Is put up only as a charm,
Just while the canvass is proceeding,
As apple brandy is much needing,
That Horace may be made to float
Adown the Democratic throat.

II.

The Tribune used to be severe
On grog shops, rum and lager bier,
But should he talk on temperance now
Would'nt there be a high old row !
Germans and Paddies in a crowd
With curses deep, and long, and loud,

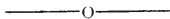
III.

Quicker than I can write the story,
Would squelch his Presidential glory.
So Horace now is quite indulgent,
And goes around with smiles refulgent,
And never being very proud
Mingles most freely with the crowd.

The Cider Mill.

IV.

The Teuton roars, while coming near,
“Where ish mine mug of lager bier?”
The Celt, all rollicking and frisky,
“Och and be jabers! where’s the whiskey?”
Poor Horace! never in his life,
Conscience with duty had such strife!



Is it not lamentable to observe how reticent *The Tribune* is on the subject of Temperance, and other reforms? It *has been* outspoken and bold in rebuking liquor dealers and the keepers of “Lager Bier” saloons. But since Mr. Greeley became a candidate for the Presidency what a lack of information and reproof on the subject!

The Guests.

I.

GOOD Horace, having in his mind
The precept to invite the blind,
The halt, and maimed, and crippled sinner,
And give them all a first rate dinner,
Has gathered up a gang of loafers,
Rebels and rogues and Union scoffers,

II.

And giving each a plate of gruel
Assures them, it was very cruel,
For Grant, to put in his relations
Into the fat official stations,
And leave the former nigger thrashers,
And patriotic Union smashers,

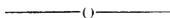
III.

Without a paying situation,
Where they again could choke the nation.
Also a crowd, whose heads are sore,
Come thronging at his open door,
All holding out their empty dishes,
Anxious to get some "loaves and fishes—"

The Guests.

IV.

These patriots, rabid for "Reform"
Around good Horace thickly swarm,
While he proclaims, to all the land,
That from this choice and spotless band,
He means to make a cabinet
Of statesmen, most immaculate.



Mr. Greeley Once Wrote Thus:

"Point wherever you please to an election district which you will pronounce morally rotten, given up in great part to debauchery and vice, whose voters subsist mainly by keeping policy-offices, gambling-houses, grog-shops and darker dens of infamy, and that district will be found at nearly or quite every election giving a majority for that which styles itself 'Democratic' Party. Take all the haunts of debauchery in the land, and you will find nine-tenths of their master-spirits active partisans of that same Democracy. What is the instinct, the sympathetic chord, which attaches them so uniformly to this party? Will you consider?"

Wood Chopping (Sambo.)

I.

HORACE has numerous colored hands
Employed in clearing up his lands.
One day he went among the bogs,
To see these fellows get out logs.
As they prepared and smoothed the bark,
Whereon to cut his name as mark,

II.

He was, with horror, filled to see,
How many carved it, U. S. G.
He raised his voice, than thunder higher,
“That’s not my name, you scoundrel, liar!”
“Why, Massa Greeley!” Sambo said,
“We black folks thought you’s sartin dead!”

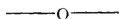
III.

“Tryin’ to write H. G. we can’t,
Cause Linkum’s ghost say ‘cut for Grant.’
And ‘sides, it ‘pears dat suthin’s wrong
When we’m’done tried de campaign song,
‘Hurrah for Greeley!’ For de Debble
He jine right in to sing de trebble!

Wood Chopping (Sambo.)

IV.

“ Knowin’ by dat his wicked rant,
We rolls a refrain out for Grant.
We bondmen love de old white coat
What help us to the freeman’s vote,
But when dat garment turn to gray
We specs de milk am gone to whey.”



Whoever has had an intimate acquaintance with the Freedmen has been struck with the readiness of their perception of passing events. During the war they seemed to have an almost supernatural knowledge of what “the logic of events” was teaching. They knew their friends and enemies more readily than the white people did, and during the present canvass it is remarkable how quickly the colored people of both North and South apprehend the points at issue.

Wood Chopping (Pat.)

I.

"AND how's your honor? Glad you're here!"

Suddenly burst upon my ear,

I turned me round, there Patrick stood

Also engaged in chopping wood.

Some of his logs were marked H. G.

On top, as I could plainly see.

II.

He whispered through his grinning teeth

"They're marked 'Ulysses' underneath,

And them, your Honor, on the bank

Have one side marked, the other blank.

Jist come and see, election day,

How rollin' of logs is made to pay.

III.

Our price is marked—who pays the same,

Give us a drink—up turns his name.

Tammany generally gives the most,

And now the cunning, cripple ghost,

Has gone and told old Horace, that

If he'll hold out his old white hat,

Wood Chopping, (Pat.)

“ The Emerald vote, like Autumn leaves,
Will tumble in—and he believes !

But shure as he's his mother's son,

He's lickin at the Blarney stone—

The Paddy logs will turn up blank ! ”

Roared Pat, as on the grass he sank.

—O—

Nothing is more ludicrous in the pending canvass than the readiness with which the sons of Erin promise to vote for Mr. Greeley. That many of them will fulfil that promise is most probable ; but it is pretty safe to predict they will not vote very “ early ” nor very “ often.”



Votes at the last Presidential Election.

States.	Grant, Republican.	Seymour, Democrat
Alabama.....	76,366	72,086
Arkansas.....	22,152	19,078
California.....	54,592	54,078
Colorado.....
Connecticut.....	50,788	47,844
Delaware.....	7,615	10,960
Florida.....
Georgia.....	57,134	102,822
Illinois.....	250,203	199,141
Indiana.....	176,543	166,969
Iowa.....	120,399	74,040
Kansas.....	39,028	13,620
Kentucky.....	39,566	115,889
Louisiana.....	34,420	79,506
Maine.....	70,433	42,397
Maryland.....	30,442	62,356
Massachusetts.....	136,379	59,103
Michigan.....	128,569	96,959
Minnesota.....	43,686	28,147
Mississippi.....
Missouri.....	3,935	63,063
Nevada.....	10,000	9,000
New Hampshire.....	37,718	30,574
New Jersey.....	80,121	83,001
New York.....	419,914	429,883
North Carolina.....	96,488	85,311
Nebraska.....	9,729	5,439
Ohio.....	280,222	239,032
Oregon.....	10,961	11,125
Pennsylvania.....	342,280	313,382
Rhode Island.....	12,993	6,548
South Carolina.....	62,300	45,137
Tennessee.....	57,368	25,617
Texas.....
Vermont.....	44,167	12,045
Virginia.....
West Virginia.....	29,424	20,237
Wisconsin.....	108,857	84,716
Total.....	3,015,887	2,709,095

Capital and Governor of each State.

States.	Capitals	Governors.
Alabama.....	Montgomery.....	Robert B. Lindsay,
Arkansas.....	Little Rock.....	O. A. Hadley, (act.)
California.....	Sacramento.....	Newton Booth.
Connecticut.....	Hartford and New Haven..	Marshall Jewell.
Delaware.....	Dover.....	James Ponder.
Florida.....	Tallahassee.....	Harrison Reed.
Georgia.....	Atlanta.....	Benjamin Conlay.
Illinois.....	Springfield.....	John M. Palmer.
Indiana.....	Indianapolis.....	Conrad Baker.
Iowa.....	Des Moines.....	C. C. Carpenter.
Kansas.....	Topeka.....	James M. Harvey.
Kentucky.....	Frankfort.....	Preston H. Leslie.
Louisiana.....	New Orleans.....	Henry C. Warmouth.
Maine.....	Augusta.....	Sidney Perham.
Maryland.....	Annapolis.....	Wm. Pinkney Whyte.
Massachusetts..	Boston.....	Wm. B. Washburn.
Michigan.....	Lansing.....	Henry P. Baldwin.
Minnesota.....	St. Paul.....	Horace Austin.
Mississippi.....	Jackson.....	James L. Alcorn.
Missouri.....	Jefferson City.....	B. Gratz Brown.
Nebraska.....	Omaha.....	Wm. H. James, (act.)
Nevada.....	Carson City.....	L. R. Bradley.
New Hampshire.	Concord.....	James A. Weston.
New Jersey.....	Trenton.....	Joel Parker.
New York.....	Albany.....	John T. Hoffman.
North Carolina...	Raleigh.....	T. R. Caldwell, (act.)
Ohio.....	Columbus.....	Edward F. Noyes.
Oregon.....	Salem.....	La Fayette Grover.
Pennsylvania....	Harrisburg.....	John W. Geary.
Rhode Island....	Newport and Providence...	Seth Padelford.
South Carolina...	Columbia.....	Robert K. Scott.
Tennessee.....	Nashville.....	John C. Brown.
Texas.....	Austin.....	Edmund G. Davis.
Vermont.....	Montpelier.....	John W. Stewart.
Virginia.....	Richmond.....	Gilbert C. Walker.
West Virginia....	Wheeling.....	H. Cadwallader.
Wisconsin.....	Madison.....	C. C. Washburn.

Population and Electoral Vote of each of the United States.

State.	Population.	Electoral Vote.
Alabama.....	996,992.....	10
Arkansas.....	484,471.....	6
California.....	560,247.....	6
Connecticut.....	537,454.....	6
Delaware.....	125,015.....	3
Florida.....	187,748.....	4
Georgia.....	1,184,109.....	11
Illinois.....	2,539,891.....	21
Indiana.....	1,680,637.....	15
Iowa.....	1,191,792.....	11
Kansas.....	364,399.....	5
Kentucky.....	1,321,011.....	12
Louisiana.....	726,915.....	8
Maine.....	626,915.....	7
Maryland.....	780,894.....	8
Massachusetts.....	1,457,351.....	13
Michigan.....	1,184,059.....	11
Minnesota.....	439,706.....	5
Mississippi.....	827,992.....	8
Missouri.....	1,721,295.....	15
Nebraska.....	122,903.....	3
Nevada.....	42,491.....	3
New Hampshire.....	318,300.....	5
New Jersey.....	906,096.....	9
New York.....	4,582,759.....	35
North Carolina.....	1,071,361.....	11
Ohio.....	2,665,260.....	22
Oregon.....	90,923.....	3
Pennsylvania.....	3,521,791.....	29
Rhode Island.....	217,353.....	4
South Carolina.....	705,606.....	8
Tennessee.....	1,258,520.....	11
Texas.....	818,579.....	8
Vermont.....	330,551.....	5
Virginia.....	1,225,163.....	11
West Virginia.....	442,014.....	5
Wisconsin.....	1,054,670.....	10

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each 1-2 ounce, or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents for each 1-2 ounce.

Advertised Letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable Letters, may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of a registration fee not exceeding 15 cents.

Transient Newspapers, Periodicals, Pamphlets, Blanks, Proof Sheets, Book Manuscripts, and all mailable printed matter, (except Circulars and Books,) 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for Books.

Unsealed Circulars, (to one address,) not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, Cuttings, Roots, &c., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

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